

CHARITY;

O R,

15466

MOMUS'S REWARD.

A P O E M.



Cave, cave, namque in malos asperrimus

Parata tollo cornua.

HORATIUS.

Scribentem juvat ipse Favor, minuitque laborem,

Nec tamen emendo, Labor hic quam scribere major.

OVIDIUS.

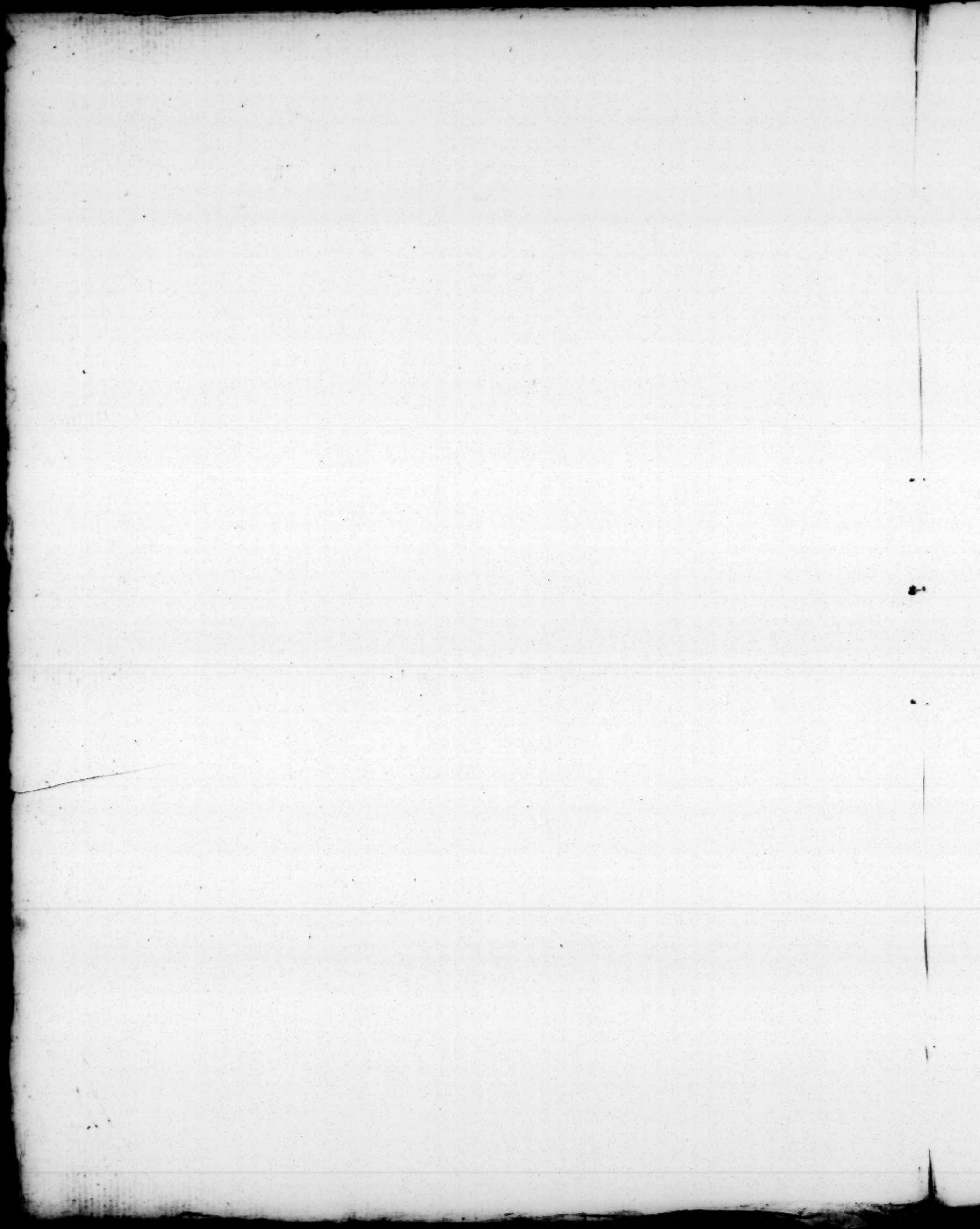
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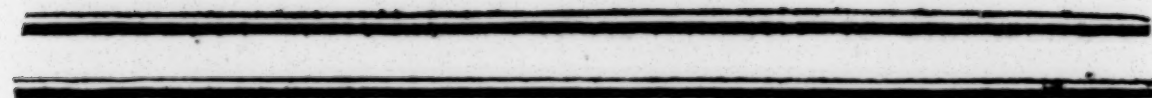
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To her G R A C E the
Duchess of NORTHUMBERLAND.

MADAM,

WHEN I take the liberty to dedicate to your Grace
a vindication of an innocent Amusement, which
You lately participated and adorned, I do not imagine I
run the least risque of incurring either your resentment or
displeasure. My knowledge of your perseverance in de-
clining the acceptance of any addresses of this nature,—
dictated by a peculiar modesty to which you so strictly
adhere,—exempts me from the first :—The pleasure you
have

(iv)

have always shewn in embracing any opportunity of avowing the cause of virtue,—from the last. Happy shall I esteem myself if this small performance shall give you the minutest part of that satisfaction, which your acceptance will in an eminent degree confer on,

MADAM,

Your GRACE's most obedient

And oblig'd humble servant,

The AUTHOR.

(v)

T O

S A T I R E.

IF any thing can increase the abhorrence we feel on enumerating the many vices which disgrace human nature, it must be a reflection, how small the proportion of those are, provided against by the legislature, when compared with those which escape judicial notice; and though as objects of (when obnoxious to) the law, the former may at first sight be esteemed as the most detrimental to society, they are by no means so, in as much as they originate from the latter, which are the grand source of evil. It is not to be wonder'd at, that there are persons
who

who will indulge themselves in the practice of those vices for which they cannot be prosecuted; and often neglecting to restrain themselves within such bounds in the enjoyment of cognizable sin, as shall avail to insure them impunity, when, in the fortuitous distribution of the good things of this world, the basest metals are often covered with the richest gilding, and “ *the wicked prize itself buys out the law.*” How great then are our obligations to that pen which shall force a blush on the uncrimson’d cheek of Impudence!—to that arm which draws aside the screen of Hypocrisy!—to that hand which strips off the cloak of Oeconomy from uncharitable Avarice!—to that voice which shall make Pride turn before he reaches the topmost round of “ *Lowliness, young Ambition’s ladder!*”—to that tongue which shall utter effectual reproaches to the ear of Envy, Hatred, and Malice!—What do we owe to him who shall turn the stream of Calumny into its proper channel, so as to o’erwhelm its own source!—who shall

trample

trample on Oppression, unfold Ingratitude, and illumine those beams which shall thaw the rigour of the frozen Heart, whose recesses no eye can penetrate, no example move! — These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O *Satire!* more compleat than the operations of legal process, as they not only obstruct the relative effects of Evil, but even make Vice a burthen to itself. Thy aid, therefore, we invoke, to “ *unscarf the tender eye of pity.* ” May’st thou wage a successful war against the enemies of Charity! — May thy keen shafts destroy all who shall oppose her dominion! — And finally, wherever she shall be compelled to raise her standard, may she carve her subsistence by the edge of thy sword, and breathe through the mouths of thy cannon!

C H A R I T Y.

THERE are, who say,—“ that I should now give o’er,
As none offend me, I should write no more :”

O grand mistake !—Offence I daily meet,
Jostled by *Vice* and *Folly* in the street ;
Justice I love,—of *Patience* cannot boast,—
Folly disgusts, but *Vice* offends me most.

In gloomy regions, hid from vulgar eyes,
Of VICE’s dome the fable turrets rise.
High on a throne, whose splendor is increas’d
By gold and jewels plunder’d in the East,

B

(O’er

(O'er which, sustain'd by blood congeal'd alone,
 Suspends a canopy of human bone)
 The MONSTER sits,—and on his crooked back,
 Of dreadful crimson mix'd with dismal black,
 A robe is cast ;—within his dexter hand
 An ebon sceptre—to controul the band
 Of horrid wretches who compose his court,
 Guard against virtue, and his realm support ;
 In gilded chair, like that which *Vulture* grac'd,
 On his right hand, is nauseous *Folly* plac'd :
 Of candour, decency, and shame bereft,
 Consummate *Ignorance* sustains the left :
 Beneath,—a crew,—how terrible to name !
 Equal in horror, and of equal fame.
Vengeance, from whom loud threat'ning yell resounds,
 Distain'd with blood, and cover'd o'er with wounds ;
 Dire *Hatred*, rancorous without a cause ;
 And *Av'rice*, bleeding as her flesh she gnaws ;

Despair,

Despair, the victim of a selfish rage ;
Ambition, ruinous to every age,
 Who, like a whirlwind, sweeps away mankind,
 And, 'till she murders, keeps her vot'ries blind ;
 Foul *Treason*, struggling in a crimson flood,
 To grasp the wages for a sov'reign's blood ;
Envy, with venom which corrodes the heart,
 Sickening where she cannot play her part ;
Impiety, (at whom e'en knaves will shrink)
 Who makes the gulph in which herself shall sink.

All these, and more of less conspicuous note,
 In this Assembly can demand a vote ;
 Buy their King's favour at some foul deed's price,
 And form the dreadful Parliament of *Vice*.

Some few days since,—accursed be the hour !
 The monstrous Fiend collected all his pow'r ;

The

The day appointed, and due summons sent,
 On the great cause of *Wickedness* intent,
 Plotting vile mischiefs as they went along,
 A crew of miscreants, a pyebald throng,
 Obey'd the call ;—to see their King they start,
 Unusual rancour gnaw'd his ranc'rous heart ;
 Bloodshot his eyes, his frame with fury shook,
 And in his hand he grasp'd a little book^a :
 To rise, the Monarch thrice essay'd, in vain,
 Thrice his black choler forc'd him down again :
 Fix'd on his visage in suspense they hung,
 Whilst expectation silenc'd every tongue ;
 At length he stood, and grim with awful state,
 Thus threaten'd *Virtue* with impending fate :—

“ If e'er our cause could want peculiar care,—
 “ If it be possible, where *Pleasures* are,

“ *Vice*

^a Poetical Amusements at a Villa near Bath.

“ *Vice* should be absent,—O, behold this book,
“ In which I’ve look’d not, nor do mean to look;
“ But hear, there is a charitable scheme,
“ And *Mirth* and *Innocence* its only theme.
“ For this, with discord have I fill’d the town,
“ And shrouded Dæmons with a fable gown?
“ For this, have fill’d the Little and the Great
“ With vile suggestion, pedantry, and prate?
“ For this, BRIAREUS, with each liberal hand,
“ Distributes dice thro’ this distracted land;
“ With hundred arms our hundred temples guards,
“ In every hand a hundred packs of cards?
“ Was it for this, I made a cave profound,
“ Where Knaves may learn to shuffle under ground?

“ Where

^b It is said, there are some persons so lost to morality, that, regardless of the dreadful effects of bad example, and pleading the old excuse *that they wish nothing worse might be done*, actually play in their houses on Sundays. But as this is too shocking to be true, the Author has created an imaginary cave for that diabolical purpose.

“ Where, lost to virtue, decency, and shame,
“ Our best-beloved on a *Sunday* game^b ;
“ Fearless of God’s, if hid from mortal eye,
“ The Sabbath stain, and Heav’n itself defy ?
“ If Worth^c stands forth, and strives in print to foil
“ Our utmost efforts, and our utmost toil ;
“ If, bless’d with purity in rural bliss,
“ And uncorrupted in an age like this ;
“ MILLER and *Charity*^d at once appear,
“ To check damnation in its full career.
“ What are its qualities?—Its merit what ?
“ I cannot read it,—so, I know them not.
“ Old, tho’ I am, and tho’ my heart is tough,
“ I hear the preface—is for me enough.
“ Behold yon cauldron, see it boil and bubble,
“ From hell procur’d with much expence and trouble,
“ Fill’d

^b See the preface, and general tendency of the Poetical Amusements.

^d See ditto, particularly its appropriation of the profits to Charity.

“ Fill’d to the brim with Acherontic limp,
“ Stew’d with the marrow of a hell-born imp ;
“ Whoever tastes, his heart will be so hard,
“ He’ll set his wife and children on a card :
“ Who blasts the VILLA, our affection gains*,
“ And three full porringers requite his pains.
“ Ah ! where is gone the *Son of Wicked Whim*?
“ If he were here, three porringers for him ;
“ His callous heart we should not long invoke,
“ Who turn’d his friend’s disaster to a joke†.
“ Behold yon pig of brass from Pluto’s mines,
“ Like gold it tempts us, for like gold it shines ;

“ Whoever

* Nothing surely can answer the purpose of Vice more effectually than to prejudice an innocent and cheerful performance, published for charitable purposes.---It may truly be said, to be establishing the kingdom of Satan.

† A gentleman having suffered a dreadful calamity in his person, *the Son of Wicked Whim*, tho’ under the highest obligations to the gentleman, by turning it into a jest the first time he saw him, took an opportunity to give an extraordinary instance of the careless ingratitude of the human heart.

“ Whoever rubs it once across his face,
“ Is blest’d with impudence, and lack of grace :
“ Who blasts the VILLA, our affection gains,
“ Three ounces at the least reward his pains.

“ Behold yon Harlot :—for that gallant show,
“ Who would not risque perdition at a throw ?
“ What airs of languor !—what affected twirls !
“ Her hair a wig of phaetonic curls* ;

“ Her

* This hints at a most extraordinary method of dressing the hair with a vast number of curls all over the back part of the head, like pyramids of forc’d-meat balls, as unnatural as unbecoming: It is called phaetonic, from the resemblance it bears to a white wig, formerly worn by the coachmen; but these gentry, seeing how disagreeable it looks in the fair sex, have abolished it. It seems to be the original Tête de Mouton, or Mutton Wig, from its resemblance to the curled wool on a sheep. Should its advocates plead Fashion, we beg leave to refer them to the excellent poem lately published under that title.

“ Her face carmine, and o’er her bosom spread
“ A paste of dire pearl powder and white lead^h ;
“ Charms more destructive you can never see,—
“ More careless in a flimsy trollopeeⁱ ;
“ Her name’s CONTEMPT :—Her right hand bears a glass,—
“ Her left, (a witness she’s a precious lass)
“ Of play, and of the But for *Cupid*’s darts,—
“ A double emblem in the Knave of Hearts.
“ Who blasts the VILLA, our affection gains,
“ And takes, besides, the *Harlot* for his pains.—

C

“ Say

^h It is said that many women (we hope not ladies) are obliged to this destructive composition for their complexions. White lead is absolutely the most pernicious ingredient in the world to the human constitution: It is owing to this that most painters and glaziers are paralytic. One of the greatest beauties in the world owed her death to it. Let us hope, therefore, it will be left to *contempt* alone.

ⁱ Things change their names as often as their fashion. Pet en l’aires are now Brunswicks; Trollopees are Negligees; Coxcombs are Macaronies; and Simpletons of both sexes are the *Ton*.

“ Say then, my friends, is *Charity* to share
“ The honours which alone I ought to bear ?
“ Who *Charity* arrests, stands near our throne,
“ But he who stabs her, shall be all our own.”

The Monarch ended, and resum'd his state,
The rest immediately began debate ;
At first, a murmur in the palace rose,
Which soon increas'd, and all exclaim'd—“ Compose.”
Above the rest, two dreadful voices roar,
Two candidates for porridge, brags, and whore ;
Just as the first prevail'd with accents loud,
An unknown stranger thus address'd the crowd :—

“ In youth oppress'd, now happy as a wag,
“ My grizzle bush converted to a bag ;
“ A slave to one who pupils disregards,
“ (Altho' my mistress would have taught me cards)

“ Oft

“ Oft have I sat, whilst snow was on the ground,
“ With cold and misery encompass’d round ;
“ Oft have I work’d my fingers to the bone,
“ To swell a fortune not to be my own,
“ To add a little to another’s gains,—
“ And only had my labour for my pains ;
“ Then was transplanted for a length of time,
“ To be an exile in a distant clime ;
“ There did I see thy ample realm increas’d,
“ And Western fools grow vicious in the East ;
“ There did I see, with observation nice,
“ That Sun which ripens *Folly* into *Vice* ;
“ With *Eastern* splendor *British* rapine mix,
“ And strive who firmest should thy standard fix ;
“ Saw in the hands of many a low-bred elf
“ The rod of pow’r, and felt that rod myself ;
“ Saw Superstition drive her vot’ries weak
“ To do what, if not seen, I dare not speak ;
“ With

“ With clinched fist a begging *Bramin*^k stand,
“ Until the nails had grown quite thro’ his hand ;
“ A corpse deceased in a furnace bake,
“ The living wife in flames the world forsake’ ;

“ And

^k The Bramins, who dedicate themselves to Religion, take a vow to hold a limb in a particular manner, which they religiously observe ; so that it becomes fixed and immovable.

^l The wives burning with the body of their husbands is common. It is a voluntary act of religious pride ; but if they once engage to burn, there is no receding ; infomuch that their own relations will throw them into the fire, as a recantation entails disgrace on the whole family for ever. A father has been heard to boast of this strange suicide, and has been seen to stir up the faggots which were to consume his daughter with as much pleasure as if she were going to be married in the most advantageous manner. So great is their perseverance, that they will not only reject all interposition, but even have jumped into the fire when their poverty denied them immediate suffocation for want of oil, and have expired in a slow fire of green wood in the greatest torments.

“ And men suspended (no less true than odd)

“ Like meat on hooks, to glorify their God.^m

“ All this I saw, I must confess, with grief;

“ O pardon, if I sometimes wish'd relief!

“ If *Cruelty* herself with me had been,

“ She sure had sigh'd to see what I have seen.

“ O pardon, if I cannot help to shew

“ A soft compassion at another's woe!

“ Forgive,

^m This alludes to a very strange religious annual custom: A large post is fixed in the ground, about twenty feet high, on the top of which is laid a beam, so fastened that it may turn upon that fixed in the ground, as on a pivot. At one extremity of the beam are strings tied for the mob to take hold of; at the other is a rope, which terminates in two iron hooks: The devotee lays on his face, and the hooks are forced through the fleshy part of the back below the shoulders; he is then hoisted up, and hangs twelve feet in the air, while the mob, laying hold of their strings, run round as fast as they can for a few minutes; after which he is taken down, his back rubbed with flour, and he goes about his business. All that can be learnt of this is, that the great people ought to do it, but buy themselves off. Some, before they swing, go about the town three days with an iron rod run through their tongues.

“ Forgive, if sometimes overcome, I wept,
“ And pity wak’d me when I should have slept !
“ My heart and conduct if you don’t approve,
“ Let what I’ve suffer’d from your subjects move ;
“ Like your’s I don’t presume to wish it tough,
“ Just, for my peace, I wish it hard enough :
“ One pint of porridge, gracious King, impart,
“ To stop my tears, and fortify my heart.”

VICE heard, aghast, and join’d the general shout,
While the vast dome re-echoed—“ Turn him out :
“ Why cam’st thou here to tell us—you can feel ?
“ Wretch that thou art, to vex our public weal !
“ Curs’d be that porter who again lets in
“ The friend to Charity, and foe to sin.

Thus spake the next :—“ O mighty Monarch, hear !
“ More pleasing accents now shall charm thy ear ;

“ Nor

- “ Nor thou, O *Folly*, take the least offence,—
“ I once assum’d the name of *Common Sense*ⁿ ;
“ No less of *Cruelty* than *Vice* the tool,
“ I’ve prov’d myself a most inhuman fool ;
“ Thy faith to propagate, myself amuse,
“ Disease I tortur’d in the public news.^o
“ Whate’er in body he might feel before,
“ His mental miseries thro’ me were more ;
“ My hate to *Charity* you cannot doubt,
“ Who sense defam’d—because he had the gout.
“ Who from reproaches would not even spare
“ A man whom sickness *fixes in a chair* ?

“ Remorseless

ⁿ This was the name assumed by a late writer in the papers, who seems to be void of common decency and humanity.

^o The gentleman who was the object of this writer’s inhuman scurrility is as much to be admired for his capacity as he ought to be compassionated for his infirmities,

“ Remorseless then I took *Detraction's* knife
“ To wound his family and private life^p ;
“ No ties restrain'd me, and no fears could awe,
“ For you I brav'd the rigour of the law.
“ By *Vice*, by *Folly*, and by *Malice* back'd,
“ A *private property* I next attack'd^q ;
“ All who are here must surely well remember
“ The one-and-twentieth day of last November,
“ The Journal's open,^r and to all it's plain
“ What once I did I can perform again :
“ Prompt at thy call, in *King's-mead-street* I lurk,^s
“ And will, for nothing, do the Devil's work.” —

He

^p No abilities can excuse a proceeding so truly diabolical.

^q See the same writer.

^r See the Bath Journal of the 21st of November, for the letter signed
Common Sense.

^s The street where the Bath Journal is printed.

He had not ended, but the general shout
 Of clam'rous approbation put him out ;
Vice clapp'd his hands, and offer'd him the lafs,—
 He chose the cauldron, and the pig of brafs.

The last in order, but the first in fame,
 At length the counterfeited MOMUS came ;
 Not that free-hearted, honest, jovial blade,
 Whose harmless mirth, and humour, were his trade ;
 The fool of *Jove*, the fiddle of the Gods,
 Who reconcil'd them when they were at odds ;
 Who (life of pleasantry, and wit's keen tool)
 Call'd *Neptune*, *Pallas*, *Vulcan*, each a fool :

D

But

' In a trial of skill between these three Deities, they made a bull, a house, and a man : *Momus* blamed them all ;---the bull, because his horns were not placed before his eyes, that he might give a surer blow ;---the house, because it was immovable from a bad neighbourhood ;---and the man, because he had not a window in his breast.

But one who, shrouded in a vile disguise,
 For Him would pass before the public eyes;
 A bitter mess, without a grain of salt,
 And took his name in Greek, for finding fault;^u
 'Twas *Hesiod's* MOMUS,—a dark-temper'd sprite,
 Begot by *Somnus* in the arms of night;
 Stamp'd on his face was artificial guile,
 A sneer mistaken for a cordial smile,
 View'd close, a superficial grin it prov'd,
 With which the devil marks his best-belov'd;
 Dark was his raiment, dark as was his mind;
 Around his neck, and flutt'ring in the wind,
 Were strung on packthread, as at Bedlam wall,
 Defamatory libels wrote with gall;
 No glees or catches he had ever sung,
 Not even well aim'd satire grac'd his tongue.

Upon

^u *Momos*, in Greek, signifies *blame*.

^w *Hesiod* makes *Momus* the son of *Somnus* and *Nox*.

Upon his vest were painted knives and prongs,—
 Types of his cruel and calumnious songs ;
 In his right hand a raven's quill was plac'd,
 Aloft, a quarto his finifter grac'd^x ;
 High in the air he wav'd the pamphlet thrice,
 Attention claim'd, and thus harangued to *Vice* :—

“ O Thou! who standest in the first report
 “ With him whose blessed kingdom I support ;
 “ From whom reward I one day shall receive,
 “ In whom I glory, and in whom I b'lieve^r ;
 “ Sleeping or waking, whence I never stray,
 “ My nightly dream, and business of the day ;

“ In

^x *Momus's* sentence on the *Batheaston* Poetry.

^r If the Critics are inclined to polish a bone, here is one almost picked to their hands. It is objected, that the word *believ'd* is two syllables as much as *reliev'd*. The ear is the only standard for measure. *R* is a rough consonant, *B* is a mute.—See the before-quoted admirable poem, *Fashion*, page 30, line 9.

“ In little mischief's let another boast,
“ To game the highest, or to drink the most;
“ In me, inflexible, behold a rod,
“ Through wounded *Charity* to wound my God^z.
“ Great Prince, and Potentates, behold this book^a,
“ In which *Malignity* would blush to look ;
“ Its first atchievement, by no means the best,
“ Is turning foul *Ingratitude* to *Jest*^b :
“ I had not mention'd it, but much did fear
“ Some friend of *Charity* might interfere :
“ May MILLER still persist such friends to treat,
“ (The most abus'd by those who most shall eat)
“ Such at her cost the frothy Tankard fill,
“ And rail, ungrateful, like the base Belville.

“ Again

^z To obstruct the good effects of this amiable virtue, may be said to wound the father of it.

^a *Momus's* Sentence.

^b See ditto, page 7, lines 61 and 62.

- “ Again I’ll scoff, for scoffing is my passion,
“ And say, the sneerer is no dame of fashion^c.
“ Inspir’d by *Folly*, (*as it serv’d my turn*)
“ I call’d a kettle what ’s a perfect urn^d ;
“ Then blame the hospitable Pair, my lays,
“ Because good-natur’d candidates for praise^e.
“ Next tell them, plainly, I so love good fare,
“ For nothing else my praises I can spare^f ;
“ But Momus only could have boasted fun,
“ Had he concluded thus as he begun.

“ Ah !

^c Ingratitude is the foulest of crimes.—To be remiss in acknowledging a benefit is a negative sin, and an inexcusable omission ; but to be active in depreciating those to whom we voluntarily lay ourselves under obligation, is truly diabolical. Ignorance only can palliate it. Let us hope those guilty of it in the present case, (for such there are) if they cannot please with approbation, will oblige with absence.

^d See *Momus’s* Sentence, line 98.

^e Ditto, line 105.

^f Ditto, line 110.

“ Ah ! do not judge me hastily amiss,
“ Or think my talents were confin’d to this :
“ If at my feeble lenity you’re vex’d,
“ You’ll all applaud me for what follows next :—
“ Like *Common Sense* I took *Detraction*’s knife,
“ To rip up characters, and private life ;
“ He struck but one,—to me he is a dunce,
“ Who nobly stabb’d two families at once ;
“ Stabb’d, thro’ the child, a father, and a mother,
“ A lovely sister, and a son, and brother ;
“ Thro’ all at once my murd’rous weapon run,—
“ A race destroying, for the fault of one².
“ I stabb’d the honour of a noble Peer,
“ For something done—the Lord knows when and where³ ;
“ And tho’ accus’d of no misdeed, or sin,
“ By head and shoulders lug’d his Confort in.⁴

“ A Lady

² See *Momus*’s Sentence, lines 125 and 130.

³ Ditto, line 132.

⁴ Ditto, line 135.

“ A Lady then I load with dull reproach,
“ O *Folly*, hear!—because she keeps a coach^k!
“ O! lend an ear to what thy vot’ry says,
“ I turn’d four horses to^l a wreath of bays^l.
“ Well is it aim’d, but badly edg’d the axe,
“ With which I would behead the Muse of D--x.^m
“ *Apollo* surely ow’d me some despite,—
“ Curs’d be the *Chronicle*, and curs’d *Twelfth-Night*!ⁿ
“ Before such lines again should see the day,
“ Myself would draw my ill-constructed dray^o;
“ Could I but see him from his saddle hurl’d,
“ I’d mount myself, and gallop round the world;
“ Then,

^k See *Momus*’s Sentence, line 138.

^l Ditto, line 140.

^m Ditto, line 141.

ⁿ See the Bath Chronicle of the 26th of January, for a very ingenious copy of verses, written by Mr. D--x, called *Twelfth-Night*.

^o See *Momus*’s Sentence, line 144.

“ Then, as before, I'd make the world my tool,
“ To father what I say, as knave, or fool^p ;
“ Whether it be to blast with pois'nous breath
“ The life of him who never shrinkⁿ at death^q ;
“ Call to remembrance some intestine wars,
“ And tell old tales of discontented Jars^r ;
“ Or, by comparison, in odious light
“ Place worthy men, because they cannot write^s !
“ Or light a fire^t for a smoke which smothers,
“ In cloudy hints, three Honourable Brothers^u.

“ Nobility,

^p See *Momus's* Sentence, line 152,

^q Ditto, line 152.

^r Ditto, line 156.

^s Ditto, lines 160, 161, 162.

^t If the vowel is not too long for their patience, nor the consonant too rough for their teeth, here is another bone for the Critics.

^u L--d AR-----LE, the B----p of E----R, and Ad-----l K-----L.

“ Nobility, nor worth, my pen confin’d,
“ Reviling person where too good the mind”.
“ Next *infant Innocence* my scoff I made^x,—
“ Could not say much, but what I could, I said;
“ I laugh’d at *Modesty*’, I blam’d *Good-nature*,
“ And call’d *Ill-temper* by the name of *Satire*:
“ At length I cried, they all were of a feather,
“ So charitably dam’d them all together^z.
“ And, left united by their general fears,
“ I set two Bards together by the ears^a.
“ Absurdly said, the Queen of *Love* and *Mirth*
“ Was pleas’d at having given *Tumult* birth^b.—

E

“ This

^w See *Momus*’s Sentence, line 170.

^x Ditto, line 173.

^y Ditto, line 182.

^z Ditto, line 189.

^a Ditto, line 192.

^b Ditto, line 197.

“ This is my Offspring ;—Oh ! may it succeed ;
“ But your’s the harvest of the pious deed.
“ Would I could say, that in a cause like thine,
“ All hearts would dictate to such pens as mine ;
“ So might, in vain, *Good-humour* fall forth^c,
“ Or join, in *Duke-Street*, with the *Man of Worth* :
“ May one ill-temper’d grow, the other’s Muse
“ Sicken, and die, forgotten with the news.^d

“ But, ah ! my friends, with grief I tell my fear,
“ And you, no doubt, with equal grief will hear :—

“ Close

^c A late remarkable instance of good temper, given by a gentleman whose ardour is often misconstrued, deserves this testimony of a good disposition.

^d See the Bath Chronicle of the 2d of February, for the lines on the “ Abuse of Satire,” by a gentleman, whose virtues are equal to his great abilities.

“ Close to that spot where *Trivia*^e now presides,
“ The Royal Martyr where his steed bestrides^f,
“ A palace^g stands,—a palace most accurs’d!
“ In *Virtue*’s cause its noble Owners first:
“ What will avail, if we expel her hence,
“ Unless we also could expel her thence?
“ There ev’ry art will on ourselves recoil,
“ And *Charity* triumphant, *Vice* will foil;

“ No

^e *Diana* is so called.—“ O ho! (cry the Critics) we have you now;
“ So, you make the chaste *Diana* lodge in the Strand!”——Hold, my good friends,---*Diana* is said to have three faces: I suppose you’ll allow the nymphs of Charing-Cross have more than one. She also presided over the highways, whether as scavenger or surveyor we cannot say. It is pretty clear she never came to West-gate, or she’d have pulled it down before it demolishes a Poet or a Player, by falling on his head. Are ye answered? (as *Shylock* says.)——*Trivia* signifies a place where three ways meet. Are ye answered now?

^f King Charles the First.

^g Northumberland House.

“ No *Av’rice* there, no Dæmon to let in,
“ The foe of *Charity*, or friend of *Sin* :
“ One only method can I recommend——
“ Let *Vice* assume the garb of *Virtue’s* friend ;
“ Marks of œconomy let *Av’rice* bear,
“ The dress of *Charity*, *Profusion* wear ;
“ So may thy ample realm more ample be,
“ And two *Northumberland*s encourage Thee.
“ Much have I done, and may perhaps do more,
“ Against vile *Charity* to shut the door ;
“ E’en now, in vain, her fruitless voyage^b she makes,
“ Her daily progress from *Batheaston*ⁱ takes ;
“ Her little skiff a-down the *Avon* skulls,
“ And stands, in vain, at *Cruttwell’s*, or at *Bull’s*^k :
“ Abroad,

^b Another bone for the Critics.

ⁱ The residence of Mrs. *Miller*, where the poetry was written.

^k The Printer and Bookseller where the poems are sold.

“ Abroad, in vain, for ever may she roam,—

“ *My Charity* begins and ends at home.”

Here ended MOMUS, with a bow profound,
And conscious *Approbation* leer'd around ;
The *Harlot* ey'd,—and smiles return'd the lafs¹,
Whilst looks of mutual love between 'em pass :
Enraptur'd, *Vice* forgot his state and place,
Sprung forth, and hugg'd him in a close embrace ;
His throne resumed, he order'd all to kneel,
And sing the *Quartö*^m in a general peel ;
The pamphlet soon, adorn'd with magic notes,
Ten thousand chaunting fiends exert their throats ;
Perform, with brazen lungs and dreadful yell,
An oratorio that alarm'd all hell.

At

¹ *Contempt*, the proper reward of the calumnious *Momus*.

^m *Momus's* Sentence.

At *Pluto's* nod th' infernal bellows heav'd,
 The roaring blast the monstrous pipes receiv'd ;
 Hell's organ bellow'd ; to the cause inclin'd,
 Ten thousand devils in the chorus join'd ;
 Their anthem done, CONTEMPT near MOMUS stands,
Vice look'd applause, and *Malice* join'd their hands ;
 The rest dispers'd, while to each other press'd,
Oblivion's couch receiv'd the pair to restⁿ.

ⁿ *Momus* may think himself happy, if he meets no severer fate than to
 be forgotten with *Contempt*.

F I N I S.

